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DIRECTORY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
Baptist—have services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding. W. P. Bennett, pastor.
M. E. Church South—Services third Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.
Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
Hon. Joseph Haycraft, Attorney, Owensboro.
C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—J. W. Banger, Hartford, S. P. Taylor, Beaver Dam, E. H. Cooper, Fordville, S. L. Falkner, Rogersville.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Cloverport.
Hon. Joseph Haycraft, Attorney, Owensboro.
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.
Court begins on first Mondays in April and October and continues each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
P. S. Sanderford, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begin on the 2d Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begin on the first Mondays January and October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Owensboro.
A. Smith, Pittsburg, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Russell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
R. P. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

D J Wilcox	28	28	28	27
R F Telford	27	27	27	26
STONETOWN DISTRICT—No. 3.				
A T Coffman	26	26	26	24
W P Bender	27	25	25	23
W L STONE DISTRICT—No. 4.				
Ben Newton	16	15	15	17
S Woodward	17	16	17	18
FORDVILLE DISTRICT—No. 5.				
J L Burton	8	8	8	10
C W Cobb	9	7	7	11
W L STONE DISTRICT—No. 6.				
J S McElroy	12	12	12	13
James Miller	13	11	11	12
A B BENTLEY DISTRICT—No. 7.				
John A Taylor	14	14	14	15
John A Bennett	15	15	15	16
CHURCH DISTRICT—No. 8.				
John M Leach	21	20	20	21
Samuel Adams	20	20	20	22
BARTLEY DISTRICT—No. 9.				
John M Leach	21	21	21	22
T L Allen	22	22	22	21
SULPHUR SPRINGS DISTRICT—No. 10.				
John A Bennett	6	6	6	6
R G Widdling	7	7	7	7
BARTLEY DISTRICT—No. 11.				
J S Yates	14	14	14	15

CONSTABLES.

A list of the Constables of Ohio County and their Post Office address:
CANBY DISTRICT—No. 1.
W. W. Keel, Rogersville.
COUL SPRINGS DISTRICT—No. 2.
Tracy Brown, Rogersville.
CREATION DISTRICT—No. 3.
J. M. Campbell, Rogersville.
W. L. STONE DISTRICT—No. 4.
Ed. Chiles, Rogersville.
FORDVILLE DISTRICT—No. 5.
J. C. Herd, Rogersville.
W. L. STONE DISTRICT—No. 6.
Vacant.
HARTFORD DISTRICT—No. 7.
V. L. Madrox, Beaver Dam.
CHURCH DISTRICT—No. 8.
R. S. Hodges, Cloverport.
HARTFORD DISTRICT—No. 9.
A. C. Ellis, Hartford.
SULPHUR SPRINGS DISTRICT—No. 10.
Vacant.
BARTLEY DISTRICT—No. 11.
Vacant.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Monday in January, April, July and October—Charles Griffin, Marshal.
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October—Jas. W. Daniel, Marshal.
Crownsville—W. D. Barnes, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December—Daniel Tucker, Marshal.
Hamilton—J. W. Lankford, Judge, post-office address Hamilton, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.
A. J. Carmas, Marshal, post-office address Hamilton.
Rockport—James Tinsley, Judge, Mansfield, Williams, Marshal. Courts held first Wednesday in January, April, July and October.

LODGE MEETINGS.

A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.
Meets third Monday night in each month. W. H. MOORE, W. M.
Secy.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.
Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P.
Camp. H. WEINSEIMER, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the second and fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.
L. BARRETT, N. G. WM. PHIPPS, Sec.
R. P. DERRMAN, D. D. G. M.

I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.
REV. G. J. BEAN, W. C. T.
MISS ELLIEN TAYLOR, W. Sec.
G. B. WILLIAMS, L. D.

J. T. CARROLL.

HARRY BRIDGES.

CARSON, DANIEL & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.
No. 229, Main Street, bet. Eighth and Ninth,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 3. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JUNE 20, 1877. NO. 24.

LITTLE JENNIE.

Among the many beautiful gems of poetry, we publish this as singularly touching in its sweet and tender simplicity. The author's every thought and action, as well as words pure and chaste as those of the angels, to whom her poetess soul has gone:

Little Jennie, how sweet
Sound the pater of her feet
On the floor;
Her voice the softest ever heard,
Our darling little angel bird—
Sing the more.

Little Jennie laugh with glee,
Would thy life could always be
Full of light;
I wonder if the clouds will come,
To our darling little one,
Now so bright.

Could we do without her smile,
Singing, dancing, all the while—
Sweet to see;
Voice and laugh, and angel face,
Could another little place—
Not to me.

Love will shield thee from all care,
Love will guard thee from each snare,
Till death;
Still, oh, my dear Jennie keep,
From the dangers of life's deep,
Free from guile.

FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF OHIO COUNTY.

BY H. B. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER X.

Like most of the Western countries we have traces of, this portion of Kentucky; having been settled at a day long prior to the advent of Europeans, by a different race of people, flint-arrow heads, hatchets, pestles, and other implements made of stone and fragments of crockery ware, composed of a curious composition, were numerous many years ago; in fact, those flint-arrow heads, which were the principal means of supplying the old-fashioned locks with flints. Mounds containing human bones, were quite common. On many of these mounds the timber was as large as any in the adjoining forest. Some years ago while lying up a road near the bank of Muddy creek, at the bottom of the ditches, which was some two feet deep, charcoal and ashes were found for the space of some two hundred yards—evidently showing that this had been a favorite camping ground, where some savage tribe had once hunted and perhaps fished, but how long ago none can tell. The roadbed had once been covered like the adjoining lands, by heavy timber. A large mound containing bones is situated on a high ridge about a quarter of a mile from this place.

The late Robert Renter, Sr., a gentleman well known and highly esteemed for his many virtues, used to relate the fact of finding a mound or grave near Green river, in which were bones of an enormous size. A human leg bone, when stood on the floor beside his leg while sitting down, would reach to the top of his knee, and a jaw bone would fit loosely over his under jaw.

Now, when it is taken into consideration that Mr. Renter was a man considerably over medium height, measuring over six feet, with a large head and face, with a wide, prominent jaw bone, and quite corpulent, it will be seen, by making the proper addition for the foot, ankle and connecting bones of the knee joints, that these bones must have belonged to a human being fully one-third larger than Mr. Renter, who ranked among the largest men of the day.

It is now a subject of regret that this grave had not been thoroughly examined by scientific men, and a full skeleton procured of this semi-giant race. Nothing like fortifications, or other war-like relics have been found in this section; the mounds so far as examined, all containing bones. The early pioneer and Indian fighter perhaps strode over these humble depositories of the dead, without care or reflection, or perhaps with a feeling of triumph; but not so with the sensitive youth when rambling through the forest in after years. It would be difficult to imagine the strange feelings that would spring up in his mind when one of those mounds obstructed his course, a thrill of superstitions awe and reverence for the dead, would turn his steps aside and no longer "whistling for want of thought," strange vagaries and enquiries would arise, such as "How long have they lain here in their graves? What manner of people were they? Whence did they come and whither have they gone? Do their spirits now mingle with the spirits of the pale faces, or do they chase the phantom buffalo, elk and deer, in their own spirit-land?"

The hunters, like the sailors' yarns, are perhaps much the same in all countries, and we have in our youthful days all heard of the strange mishaps, the marvelous centre holes, the charmed guns, and the evil bullets, told of by the old hunters. To us it seems strange now—days, that sensible men should ever have believed in such absurdities as having their guns charmed, but stories used to be told by men of undoubted veracity, which did seem almost marvelous, and can only be accounted for upon the principle that when once a hunter happened to make a very bad shot he became nervous, excited and unsteady, and consequently could kill nothing until his excitement was off, and confidence in his good gun restored. Many times, no doubt, this excitement was superinduced by the frequent mishaps occasioned from his rickety old gun-lock and worn-out flint. Many and many were the times when the sleek, fat deer walked leisurely away, while the poor hunter was picking his flint and re-adjusting his priming, for percussion caps and firelocks were unknown, nor was hunting then a mere child's play—bear and panther fights were common occurrences.

A story is told of an old hunter, his name not now recollected, who, for the

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WE ARE TRAVELERS GLEANING BY THE WAY-SIDE.

The subject is one that opens an extensive field of thought to every mind capable of appreciation and reflection. It pictures life so familiarly and yet so sublime that the scene flashes while it overwhelms us with grandeur and beauty. It is a study some of the deepest emotions of the soul are awakened—some of the sweetest and saddest.

Our being travelers suggests that we are pursuing a journey—a journey through this beautiful world which we inhabit, circling amid others still greater. We view the world with all of its lofty mountains, beautiful landscapes, mighty rivers and variety of plants, flowers and fruits reminds us of that great in the valley of Eden. But nothing, of all these diversified beauties, presents so sublime a spectacle to man, and so elevates his conception of the Deity as does a contemplation of the heavenly bodies. We see the sun, moon, and stars shining in their silent mysterious orbits, decorating the darkness of night. When we view these and think of each being a world, we feel that there is a hidden power, a "Great First Cause," and feel like exclaiming with the Psalmist: "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Yet God has planted in our being a principle, which continually urges us on to new acquisitions, teaching us that we are but sojourners, and shall live when amid these scenes of enchantment and beauty which exist around and above us, man was placed in a state of perfect bliss. Not contented with this, he voluntarily abandoned the paradise of purity and entered the kingdom of sin. Since that time men have been travelers along the journey of life, gleaning by the way-side, until landed on the shores of eternity. This is proved by every thing around us. If we ascend a lofty mountain, beneath us we shall see in the distance the mighty ocean with ships plowing its waves and going on to some unknown haven; the placid lake and little skiff with pleasure seekers drifting along its flowery banks, and the moonbeam's silvery light reflected in its liquid depths; the hills covered with green forests, which wave in the breeze as fields of grain at harvest time. We descend and see around us fields and meadows, luxuriant orchards, meandering streams, the shepherd and his flock, other men hurrying to and fro in the busy pursuits of life, and tall ancestral trees surrounding enchanted old castles, which bring to the imagination vivid scenes of pleasure and romance. We see highways of commerce laden with every imaginable direction thronged with persons going and returning. All these give evidence of travelers laden with what they have by the way-side. This is only a faint sketch of what we gather in our natural world; but who would, for an instant, compare these gleanings with what may accrue to us in the intellectual and moral world; is not the soul with its capacity for eternal happiness more grand than mountains, oceans, seas, lakes, rivers or highways of commerce? Is not the mind with its thoughts that wander through eternity and its wealth of intellectual power, an object of more interest and importance than all of the treasures of earth? Who would attempt to draw a comparison between the visible and the invisible world? We are incapable, and can only invoke God to help us realize that "We are travelers gleaning by the way-side," and to guide and direct us in such a manner that we shall only glean that which is for our welfare and spiritual good. We glean worldly and spiritual goods, but in all cases we reap only as we sow. Our day and generations afford many advantages for intellectual and moral culture. In these we must sow if we would reap. Many of us do not sow and still expect to reap. Many sow sparingly and their proceeds are not so much as they anticipate. Lives are not always what they hope to be. How many tired feet faint and falter; how many eyes grow dim with watching for the dawn that never breaks. Can one sow sin and reap righteousness, procrastination and reap promptness, idleness and reap wealth or knowledge? No! to hope for this would be a vain delusion, for as the seed is so the fruit will be. My dear class-mates, our happy school days will soon exist only in memory; many of us will part perhaps to meet no more. We are about to leave the place and friends we love so well, and launch upon the active sea of life. It is important that we steer our course aright, and ask ourselves as we journey on, whether we are tending and what gleaning.

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WE ARE TRAVELERS GLEANING BY THE WAY-SIDE.

The subject is one that opens an extensive field of thought to every mind capable of appreciation and reflection. It pictures life so familiarly and yet so sublime that the scene flashes while it overwhelms us with grandeur and beauty. It is a study some of the deepest emotions of the soul are awakened—some of the sweetest and saddest.

Our being travelers suggests that we are pursuing a journey—a journey through this beautiful world which we inhabit, circling amid others still greater. We view the world with all of its lofty mountains, beautiful landscapes, mighty rivers and variety of plants, flowers and fruits reminds us of that great in the valley of Eden. But nothing, of all these diversified beauties, presents so sublime a spectacle to man, and so elevates his conception of the Deity as does a contemplation of the heavenly bodies. We see the sun, moon, and stars shining in their silent mysterious orbits, decorating the darkness of night. When we view these and think of each being a world, we feel that there is a hidden power, a "Great First Cause," and feel like exclaiming with the Psalmist: "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Yet God has planted in our being a principle, which continually urges us on to new acquisitions, teaching us that we are but sojourners, and shall live when amid these scenes of enchantment and beauty which exist around and above us, man was placed in a state of perfect bliss. Not contented with this, he voluntarily abandoned the paradise of purity and entered the kingdom of sin. Since that time men have been travelers along the journey of life, gleaning by the way-side, until landed on the shores of eternity. This is proved by every thing around us. If we ascend a lofty mountain, beneath us we shall see in the distance the mighty ocean with ships plowing its waves and going on to some unknown haven; the placid lake and little skiff with pleasure seekers drifting along its flowery banks, and the moonbeam's silvery light reflected in its liquid depths; the hills covered with green forests, which wave in the breeze as fields of grain at harvest time. We descend and see around us fields and meadows, luxuriant orchards, meandering streams, the shepherd and his flock, other men hurrying to and fro in the busy pursuits of life, and tall ancestral trees surrounding enchanted old castles, which bring to the imagination vivid scenes of pleasure and romance. We see highways of commerce laden with every imaginable direction thronged with persons going and returning. All these give evidence of travelers laden with what they have by the way-side. This is only a faint sketch of what we gather in our natural world; but who would, for an instant, compare these gleanings with what may accrue to us in the intellectual and moral world; is not the soul with its capacity for eternal happiness more grand than mountains, oceans, seas, lakes, rivers or highways of commerce? Is not the mind with its thoughts that wander through eternity and its wealth of intellectual power, an object of more interest and importance than all of the treasures of earth? Who would attempt to draw a comparison between the visible and the invisible world? We are incapable, and can only invoke God to help us realize that "We are travelers gleaning by the way-side," and to guide and direct us in such a manner that we shall only glean that which is for our welfare and spiritual good. We glean worldly and spiritual goods, but in all cases we reap only as we sow. Our day and generations afford many advantages for intellectual and moral culture. In these we must sow if we would reap. Many of us do not sow and still expect to reap. Many sow sparingly and their proceeds are not so much as they anticipate. Lives are not always what they hope to be. How many tired feet faint and falter; how many eyes grow dim with watching for the dawn that never breaks. Can one sow sin and reap righteousness, procrastination and reap promptness, idleness and reap wealth or knowledge? No! to hope for this would be a vain delusion, for as the seed is so the fruit will be. My dear class-mates, our happy school days will soon exist only in memory; many of us will part perhaps to meet no more. We are about to leave the place and friends we love so well, and launch upon the active sea of life. It is important that we steer our course aright, and ask ourselves as we journey on, whether we are tending and what gleaning.

A Reasonable Request.

When Sir Samuel Baker, the African traveler, was taking leave of Kamrasi, King of Unyoro, that potentate asked him, as a particular favor, to leave Lady Baker behind. This cool request raised Sir Samuel's ire, and in high indignation he told the King that if ever he made such a request again he would shoot him. Lady Baker, too, overheard and understood the offer, felt that a word from her would not be out of place, and gave the monarch a piece of her mind in the strongest language she could command. His Majesty for awhile was greatly astonished, being unconscious of having given any offence. At last, seeing that his guests were really angry, he said, in a deprecating tone, "Don't be angry, I did not mean to offend you by asking for your wife. I will give you a wife if you want one, and I thought you would have no objections to give me yours. It is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you would like to exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like to do as others do, there's an end of it."

The King of Siam is yet a young man, being only twenty-four

no one more willing to work for the victory than I, but I deem it useless to work for an impossibility. I know the feelings of many leading Democrats, and unless Mr. Coleman will yield to the wishes of the people, the Democracy is defeated. I am not interested in any individual's success, but I am deeply concerned for principle and for the success of the party in this trying hour, then fellow Democrats let us wisely and judiciously and put forth a man of sterling merit, one that will carry our banner onward and upward, and true to the line, and who in the end will enter the halls of Representative, conqueror, you, more than conqueror I ask in the name of reason and common sense, can we not nominate the party? We can. The question is, will we do it? E. F. TILFORD.

Proceedings of the Senatorial Convention held at Morgantown, June 12th.

MORGANTOWN, KY., June 12, 1877.

Editor Herald:

The Democrats of Butler county met in convention at Morgantown on Monday, the 11th inst. Proper resolutions endorsing the call for a Senatorial call for a District Senatorial Convention to meet at Morgantown on the 12th, appointed delegates to said convention, and received their pledge of fidelity to the principles of the Democratic party. In the evening Capt. Sam. E. Hill, who is the only Democratic candidate who proposes to submit his name to the convention, addressed the people, making a sensible talk. The Captain is not a demagogue. What he says comes from the great deep of his heart. He defines his position as not to be misunderstood by any one. The Captain was a brave Federal soldier, who honestly fought for what he thought was for the best interests of his country. He did not engage in the conflict because he thought "to the victors belong the spoils." So when the war was over, he united with the Democratic party, and has fought in the political field for the success of free principles as valiantly as he did on the battle field for the success of the cause he espoused.

The writer of this word the "grey" fought under the ill-fated flag of the Confederacy, but when the war was over, he buried the sword, and it was natural for him then to admire a brave and chivalrous enemy, so to speak, more than a cowardly pusillanimous friend. We want men who will do right for the love of the right, men who, forgetting the past, will with a steadiness of purpose, work for the success of right and oppose wrong, whether it has its source in the Confederacy or Federal element. Such a man is Sam Hill, or his tongue is a falsehood and his face a cheat.

Hon. Julian N. Phelps, who is also a candidate (Democratic Independent) made a speech in which he put himself squarely in the Democratic platform, repudiated Green-backs who have been claiming him as their champion. Mr. Phelps is well known in Butler as an honest man. He has served his country six or eight times in the Lower House of the Legislature, and has been prompt and faithful. His mistake this time is in making an independent race against a man who is unusually popular with his party.

I commenced this letter yesterday, but did not finish it. Now, on the 15th, I have to report that the Senatorial convention met to-day and formally nominated Capt. Sam. E. Hill. The resolutions adopted were short, pledging fealty to the Democratic doctrines and support to the nominee. The number who attended the convention was not large, but the greatest harmony prevailed. Now, let the Democrats go to work, lay aside all petty jealousies, if there are any, and for one time let us do our whole duty. Our object and aim is for the best interests of the country. Let us so act that we will then gather around our standard new friends.

L.

Our Texas Letter.

BELOIT, TEXAS, June 5th.

In company with Dr. G. H. Miller, of Tennessee, S. A. Wierman and John Martin, of Maryland, and A. D. Leach, formerly of Ohio county, Kentucky, as our guide and teamster, armed with Spencer rifles and six-shooters, we left Round Rock on the first of the month for a tour of inspection through the border counties of Texas. We were very much surprised on the evening of the first day by meeting with a dozen or more of the Tonkaway Indians on their way to Austin to see the Governor of the State. The Tonkaway tribe, which was once quite powerful, is now almost extinct. They have a sad and dejected appearance, and their history is calculated to leave the impression on their faces. They have always been friendly to the white man, and have rendered valuable assistance in conquering the wild and uncivilized tribes. Not expecting to see any thing of the kind, of course every man was to his gun and ready to meet the supposed enemy. Capt. Wierman took shelter behind the wagon, while the remainder of the force fortified behind a stone fence by the roadside. The Indians appeared somewhat frightened at our warlike demonstration, but I signalled to them to know if they were friendly, at which they grumbled their arms and motioned us to come up. We advanced, and tried to converse with them, but could not understand anything they said. The chief only signified his intention of going South toward Austin by the motion of his hand, after taking a friendly smoke by each of us taking one puff at the pipe, passing it around. We parted, they going to Austin while we were traveling on towards the frontier. Night overtaking us, we spread our blankets and staked our horses, while we stretched ourselves on mother earth for a bed, with the stars heavens above us for a covering. Morning dawned bright and clear. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, we started on the even, weary of our way. We traveled ten miles, arriving at a lovely little town, Salado, on the banks of a stream by the same name. Here we refreshed ourselves for a few hours, forming some pleasant acquaintances. We were very much delighted with this section of the country. From Salado we passed on to Belton, the county seat of Bell county,

which is said to be one among the best counties in the State. It contains a population of about twenty thousand, while the county seat is both beautiful and attractive. It is situated on the Nolan river, a branch of the Leon, and about one and a half miles from the main river. It has a population of about twenty thousand. Here we fell in with Col. Dowditch, of Kansas City, Missouri, who is prospecting the State with a view of locating permanently in Texas. The Col. tendered his services by furnishing us a horse and buggy, driving us out into the country about six miles to church. Here we were introduced to Bro. Sewell, an able and efficient minister of the Christian church, and son of Jesse Sewell, of Tennessee. We also had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Sisters Harris, McGinnis, Morgan and others, from the town of Belton, who were prepared with an elegant repast for dinner, which was spread under the shade pines near a cool and limpid spring on the bank of a lovely stream of clear rippling water. Col. Morgan, the day before, had bought a game cock, which he prized very highly, and his estimable lady, not knowing any thing about it, had killed the wrong chicken, which was served in elegant style. When the Col. found out that his game cock had gone where the woodbine twined, his appetite forsook him, and the dinner was not relished with gusto he so fondly anticipated. On returning home he gathered the feathers and rich plumage of the gay bird to keep as a memento, and now he can be heard swearing vengeance against preachers and those who participate in Sunday dinners. In the evening we were introduced to Col. A. G. Batte, editor of the Belton Journal, whom we found to be a clever, genial gentleman, and thoroughly well acquainted to the interests of his country. He extended us the hospitality of his home, taking great pains to introduce us to the leading citizens, and giving us much valuable information. The kind attention shown us by the Col. and his excellent qualities of head and heart, endear him to all who are so fortunate as to form his acquaintance.

We will remain in this section a few days, after which we continue our journey into the counties north and northwest of this place. We will let you hear from us occasionally, and when our complete report is out, will send you copies for distribution among your people of Ohio county. It will embrace a full account of our observations during our travels in the State. Yours,

N. C. TILFORD.

Rosine Letter.

ROSDINE, KY., June 16.

Editor Herald:

Our people are moving along in the even tenor of life; all is now as placid as the bosom of a lake, fanned by a summer breeze, and even Scribblers, (your correspondents from this place) no longer think himself built-doze, timid as he is.

The genial rain, which has of late moistened old earth, has enabled farmers to pretty well get done planting tobacco. Wheat and oats are looking fine, wheat particularly.

"Hogs are dying with cholera at a terrible rate, and it looks as if none would be left. In nearly every newspaper we see some one giving a remedy for hog cholera, which they say never fails, yet it is apparent that all treatment has hitherto proved fatal. The true pathology or nature of the disease is independent of a successful treatment. Yet but few have even theorized upon the nature of the disease, and to-day the majority of hog raisers are as ignorant about the true nature of the disease as they were when it first made its appearance, and even the scientific would have been slow to investigate the disease, though microscopic Trichinae, that is, the animals are infected with living parasites (Trichinae) only seen by the aid of the microscope. These parasites are usually found in the muscles, about seven thousand in number to the square inch. When taken in the stomach, they are set free by the action of the gastric juice, and they then commence growing, and in the course of ten days they have attained two or three times their former size. The female of the parasite contains large numbers of young, from 200 to 400 in number. The young, after birth, soon migrate through the alimentary canal, and find their way to the muscular system, and in a short time the whole system is perfectly saturated with living Trichinae. Hence the symptom—stiffness of the joints; debility; muscular atrophy, (decay) &c. To prevent the disease, all diet containing parasites should be cut off. Hogs should not be allowed any flesh whatever, dead mice, rats, snakes, in fact all animal food should be abstained from. After the disease has once developed, we doubt whether any treatment will destroy the parasites in the muscles, and if not, no treatment will be available.

When August comes we will speak in tones too plain to be misunderstood, that the great principles that fell from the immortal Jefferson still lives, and that Coleman is even or a little ahead.

AGRICOLA.

Rosine Items.

ROSDINE, OHIO CO., KY., June 14, 1877.

Editor Herald:

The farmers in this locality have been very busy for the last week and a half setting tobacco. I am of the opinion that the farmers would make a great deal more money if they would turn their attention to the raising of small grain and corn looks well and is growing fast since the rain.

Rosine is still improving. J. F. Lewis will soon have his new building completed. Tom boys, perhaps we will have an opportunity to trip the fantastic toe to our joy. M. S. England has a new dwelling house on hands which will soon be completed. There are also other houses being built here. We are looking every day for the machinery for the Rosine mill. When we commence grinding you will hear from us more often.

Hon. H. B. McHenry and wife were in town Wednesday.

L. T. Cox took a flying trip to Louisville

Monday returning Wednesday. Frank Felix, Jr., who has been attending school at Garrettsville, Meade county, Ky., returned home Tuesday. Frank is a nice young man, and deserves a great deal of credit for the interest he is taking in trying to locate himself.

West Providence Items.

WEST PROVIDENCE, KY., June 15, 77.

I have seen several very interesting letters from this neighborhood. Seems that old West Providence wants to get her name up. Suppose you give her another puff, if you think these few lines worthy a place in your paper.

The present condition of the crop is splendid, and future prospects flattering. There has been more tobacco set this and last week than ever known before in this community. Farmers seem to be encouraged, and think there is a prospect for better times in the future, if tobacco will only bring a good price, which they think it will if they will only stop that European war.

Bro. B. L. Thurman, agent for Foreign Mission, honored our church with a call last Saturday and Sunday, and preached a very interesting and eloquent sermon to a large congregation. Subject—"For me to Live is Christ." He spoke of our missionaries in a foreign land, that we should sustain them with the necessities of life. After the sermon, a collection was taken up and \$26.50 was contributed for the benefit of the Gospel in a foreign land.

Prof. J. B. Coffman of Corde, who has been absent for a few months at the Russellville college, will return home Saturday evening.

Several young ladies from the neighborhoods of Centertown and Rockport, honored our church with their presence last Sabbath. Come again, young ladies we will be happy to see you at any time. Speaking of young ladies, I suppose I had better say something about them of this place, or I might be given over to partiality. We are blessed with as bright and beautiful a set of girls as ever talked about their intended one six days in the week, and decorated the parlor or stood before the glass on the seventh. Yet some of these foolish, fickle-minded boys will wander away in search of a well some calls them a help-mate, but I don't know them by that name. The old proverb says call all things by the name that you know them by, so I will call them as well, a sweet (I don't think it will make any difference) heart comforter.

The Herald is ever a welcome visitor, and I don't think there is hardly a one who does not take it throughout the entire neighborhood. They begin to know how to appreciate a county paper. Mr. Editor, I wish your great success, and may the circulation of the Herald be so great that before long old Hartford will be decorated with a new building called THE HARTFORD HERALD BUILDING.

Beaver Dam Items.

BEAVER DAM, KY., June 18, 1877.

Editor Herald:

Lon. R. P. Rucker and Miss Oma Baker were married last Thursday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. I. H. Baker. Rev. W. W. Cook officiated. W. H. Barnes, W. H. Hocker, Misses Carrie Gibson and Lida Barnes, attendants. May their lives be happy ones.

Mr. J. Warren Baker has leased his many acres of coal lands to Messrs. William and Walter Mercer, sons of William Mercer, of Mercer mines, Muhlenberg county. They are clever gentlemen, and will be quite an addition to the county. They will commence operation in a few days.

Mr. I. P. Barnard has bought the store at the Taylor mines, and has placed Mr. John Gibson in charge. He, with the gentlemanly superintendent of the mines—Mr. M. Stanley—will be of benefit to the surrounding community.

Trains run on Sundays now the same as on other days of the week.

Parties desiring to connect themselves with a base ball club can do so at this place on next Saturday afternoon.

Misses Rothchild and Wile, of Evansville, are the guests of Mr. A. H. Kahn.

Miss Carrie Gibson, of Hartford, is spending a few days in town with her numerous friends.

Mr. Ella Stevens, of Caneyville, was in town last week.

Business was fair last week. Kahn and Barnard are doing well.

Considerable coal is being shipped over the road.

Thermometer at nine o'clock this morning stood at 83°—rather warm.

Mr. John Austin and Mr. William Stevens are both very low with consumption. There is but little sickness in this part of the county.

Uncle John Vaught brought a crowd of ladies from Hartford yesterday, to listen to Bro. James Austin preach, but owing to illness he failed to deliver his sermon. Come again.

AGRICOLA.

To Correspondents.

Correspondents will please mail their communications so as to reach us as early as Monday evening. Communications received later than this will have to lay over until next issue, which, in many instances, cause the article, in part or whole, to become stale. We receive many good letters Tuesday evening after the paper is up, which we cannot possibly get in. The mail leaves so early Wednesday morning that we are compelled to have the matter set, proven and the forms made up Tuesday night. We will be pleased to receive communications from all parts of the country giving the local happenings of the week, and especially of the crop prospect.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce Capt. SAM. E. HILL, of Hartford, as a candidate for Senator, from this, the Eighth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Ohio, Muhlenberg and Butler. Election August, 1877.

We are authorized to announce J. N. PHILLIPS, of Butler county, as a candidate for Senate, from this, the Eighth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Muhlenberg, Ohio and Butler. Election August, 1877.

We are authorized to announce DA. JAMES W. MEADOR, as Republican candidate to represent Ohio county in the Lower House of the next Legislature of Kentucky, subject to the action of the party. Election August 1877.

We are authorized to announce W. D. COLEMAN as a candidate to represent Ohio county in the Lower House of the next Legislature of Kentucky. Election August, 1877.

We are authorized to announce W. B. ROWE as an Independent candidate to represent Ohio county in the lower House of the next Legislature of Kentucky. Election August 1877.

Strayed—From the undersigned, living at Rosine, Ohio county, Ky., one gray mare and one bay horse, both of which are about ten hands high, and has collar marks on right shoulder. The colt has a blue face. Any one finding the above described animals, and delivering them to me, or furnishing information leading to their recovery, will be paid for their trouble.

THOMAS CULLEY.

Strayed Notice—Taken up as an stray by Jacob Hoover, living on Clear run, one mile from Bartons creek church, one brown horse, one bay horse, and one white horse, all of which are about ten hands high, and has collar marks on right shoulder. Any one finding the above described animals, and delivering them to me, or furnishing information leading to their recovery, will be paid for their trouble.

W. H. CUMMINS, J. P. O. Rosine, Ky.

Strayed—From the undersigned, living two miles below Rosine, on Wednesday, the 28th of May, one brown horse, one bay horse, and one white horse, all of which are about ten hands high, and has collar marks on right shoulder. Any one finding the above described animals, and delivering them to me, or furnishing information leading to their recovery, will be paid for their trouble.

MELVIN TAYLOR, Cromwell, Ky.

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Just published for the benefit of subscribers to CHAS. C. MASON'S VISION, (the independent journal of music) is a valuable addition to the musical science. Governor J. Gilchrist, Alabama.

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The symptoms of liver complaint are weakness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general constipated, sometimes alternating lax. The blood is impure, and the face is pale, heavy sensation, scurvy, and loss of memory accompanied with painful sensation of having tried to do something which is beyond its power. Often complaining of weakness, nervousness and low spirits. The disease is generally attended with symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them, but the liver is generally so much involved.

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